HERALD OF FREEDOM.

"I enter into no compromise with Slavery. I am for Justice, in the name of Humanity, and according to the Law of the Living God."

Vol. 6. No. 37. CONCORD, N. H., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1840. Whole No. 271.

HERALD OF FREEDOM.

Office, Low's Block, Main Street.

ELBRIDGE G. CHASE, Publisher.

TERMS.

One dollar and fifty cents per annum, if paid *in advance*. After six months, one dollar and seventy-five cents. To those who delay till the expiration of the year, two dollars. ☞The expense of conveyance in all cases to be defrayed by subscribers.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.

Persons receiving the Herald will be considered subscribers until they order otherwise.

☞All letters on business to be directed to E. G. CHASE, Concord, N. H.

Communications to be directed to N. P. ROGERS, Concord, N. H.

☞*Postage must be paid in all cases.*

Postmasters can forward money free from expense, at the request of any subscriber.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

Remarks of Abby Kelley,

At the Annual Meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society.

'Never,' said the speaker, 'did I more feel the absence of suitable thoughts and words for any occasion in the cause, than I do now. I have no *new* thoughts, no *new* principles; and what can I say to the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, to whom all the principles and the details of the cause are so familiar? While I was yet dead to this inspiring subject, and while I was yet in the A. B. C. of the cause, they were in the field, arousing, animating, and cheering on the assault. They were looked upon with the utmost contempt;—they were called ultraists, and fanatics, and every opprobious name;—they were declared to have transcended their proper limits, and to have retarded the progress of the cause. But even when pro-slavery was aroused to its greatest wrath, they were unmoved. Yes, my friends, your faithful entreaties and admonitions, your persevering labors, and your searching rebukes, went out against all opposing influences; and they were blessed in their course. They have done my soul good, and I bless the day I saw and heard them.

But a more perilous time came. A secret foe entered. A disguised wolf was in the fold. The Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society was not deceived by the fleece he assumed. In vain was the disguise. They distinctly recognised his howl; his attempted bleatings were in vain. They were enabled to strip off the wrapper in which he had hidden his claws and his fangs. They then proved that the reputation of "discerners of spirits," what they had acquired, was well founded. I heard your voices at a distance, my dear friends, and

'My heart hath leaped to answer thine
And echo back thy words,
As leaps the warrior at the shine
And flash of kindred swords!'

It is for this I came to night—to tell you of my union with your labors—to uphold our common principles—to reverberate the watchwords which have cheered us onwards.

I have not been accustomed to address meetings of this kind. It is not my vocation to make speeches, or to string together brilliant sentences, or beautiful words. But my mission has been back among the people, amid the little sources of public sentiment: among the hills and the hamlets,—amid the opposed, but the comparatively unsophisticated; and I have had no weapon but the gospel truth in its simplicity. The friends will not expect any but simple language of me, in the exercise of my office of promulgating *first principles*—the old familiar principles, which are well nigh worn out. Worn out, did I say? I recall it; what *never can be worn out*. It is always profitable to go back, for, by going back, we detect every deviation.

Where was our country sixty years ago? She sprung upon the arena of nations, armed in the glorious panoply of liberty. The principles we now advocate had omnipotent sway with her. They were quick and living; and when she hurled them across the Atlantic, the thrones of centuries trembled, monarchs blanched with fear.

But, look back ten years only, and where was our country? A hissing—a mockery—a reproach before those very nations whom her first advance had so terrified. I have heard of a traveller in Austria, who saw in the windows of Vienna, a print with the word AMERICA inscribed beneath it. It was a white man, scourging a colored woman. He said, too, that certain State criminals there, on being offered their choice of perpetual imprisonment, or transportation to America, preferred to be imprisoned, to the chance of what might befal them here, where men of a dark complexion are in danger of being reduced to domestic slavery—to a living and perpetual *death*.

That print did not belie our country, nor was the dread of the foreigners unfounded. She had, ten years ago, two and a half millions in the condition shadowed out by that print. She! who had declared as one of her first principles, that NO MAN should be deprived of his liberty without due process of law! She forgot her first principles,—and the world went on its round, and no one seemed aware of the fact that one sixth part of her whole population were sitting in the shadow of slavery—groaning in the fetters of the 'freest nation on earth.' She was careful of her national honor, she thought,—she was scrupulously careful as to money. It was her boast from old times, that fourpence worth of *property* could not and should not be unjustly taken away from one of her citizens. But who remembered her two and a half millions—deprived of every thing that makes existence valuable or honorable? She had poured out blood like water for liberty sixty years ago; but ten years ago if there arose a murmer of resistance from her own enslaved children, it was adjudged worthy of death! What were her liberties? She had liberty to plunder!—liberty to trample down the weak at will! Her sons were free. Yes! none so free:—*freebooters* they were! Free to snatch the babe from the arms of its father, or mother—free to drag the husband and wife asunder! Free to scatter families to the four winds! Ah, the very mention of her *liberties* mocked the slave's anguish, and was the death-knell of his hopes. And with all this, we boasted of our Christianity! We could sit down—could we not?—and weep over the infants whom famine or superstition consigned to the waters of the Ganges; but the 75,000 infants in the United States, annually swept down into the waters of darkness and despair—who wept for *them?* We could shed tears over the East India widows, whose religion it was to ascend the funeral pile; but the widows of the United States—made widows by law—reduced to widowhood by system—we had no tears for these. And we dared to call our religion Christianity! we dared to justify in religious convocations, the putting asunder of what God had joined! All this was going on, and the land was wrapped in silence. Perhaps, at distant intervals, one might hear a sigh half drawn, over the *necessity of the existence* of such evils, but no one *questioned that necessity;* and the poor afflicted people of color *suffered on*. We looked on them with contempt on account of the ignorance and degradation to which we had ourselves condemned them. We had blinded their mental eye; we had stopped up their mental ear; and we despised them for being deaf and blind. Oh! heathenism is preferable to such religion, for it is not so black with hypocrisy. Our poor neighbor was robbed in the highway: and did the robber leave him half dead? No! he placed one iron heel upon his head, and the other on his heart, and no one protested in the name of humanity against the deed. Did the priest and the Levite pass by on the other side? No. They came nigh unto the robber, and gave him the right hand of fellowship! and who *was* he—the robber of the unoffending traveller? He was the minister of Him who came to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and to open' the prison-doors! One would have thought the whole country would have been filled with horror. But, no.

Why were we so indifferent? Why, as a lady once said to me, five-eighths of us were so busy in glorying in our own freedom—(reporter lost the remainder of the sentence)—and we thought we were *indeed* free. But when, under the authority of Jehovah, the Moses of America said, 'LET THE PEOPLE GO!'—when the sound reverberated from the Atlantic to the Rocky mountains, and from Maine to Mexico, 'LET THE PEOPLE GO, that they may serve him!' Then, those whose hearts beat with answering sympathy, those whose hearts were poured forth in unison with his who raised that cry—*they* found what their freedom amounted to. I need not tell to this Society *what* was its amount. You were free to be mobbed—free to be slandered and misrepresented to *any* amount—free to be driven from your own place of meeting by five thousand of the most respectable and gentlemanly of your friends, called together by public advertisement for the express purpose. Our country saw *then* what their liberty amounted to;—liberty to speak what slavery should dictate. Men were awakened, *then*, to a realizing *sense* of their freedom. Free were they? Yes! free to the tar-cauldron and the feather-bag! Free to have a bonfire made of their furniture before their own doors in the open street! Free to be whipped and imprisoned! Free to be shot down! A great freedom, indeed, was this! Who could have believed it? Ten years ago, *I* would have spurned the man who should have predicted it.

But it is well we found it out. Well will it be if we have not found it out *too late!* The serpent slept in the same cradle with our infant liberty; but we thought our liberty was a Hercules, that would strangle the serpent; and suffered them to grow together, till our freedom had well nigh expired in the tightening coils. Well is it for us to understand that, for our *sins*, we have suffered. We were not aware that the mere existence of slavery in any section of our land would endanger the liberties of the whole: well is it, then, that we have learned that we demolished the corner-stone of our freedom, when we consented that man should be enslaved at all. All the great family of mankind are bound up in one bundle. Rights are the same for one and for all; and when we aim a blow at our neighbor's rights, our own rights are by the same blow destroyed. We are not distinct and independent:—one nerve runs through the whole great family of humanity. We cannot injure another, without bringing a curse upon our own souls. This philosophy shows us the surpassing benevolence to man of the divine injunction, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' Why? He *is* a part of ourselves. In loving him, we see the only means of truly regarding ourselves; and if all loved thus, then this world would be all paradise: heaven would be begun on earth. Then the interests of one would be respected of all, and all interests would be united for the benefit of one. If the many refuse thus to feel and act for *all*, let the few go on; the more the better. At least, let us who see the beauty of the injunction to 'love our neighbor as ourselves,' press forward in obedience.

How great are the motives to such a course! Mere sympathy with the bondman will move to it. Can we look upon the wrongs of millions—can we see their perpetual flow of tears, and grief, and blood, and not feel our hearts drawn out in sympathy?—unless, indeed, they have become hardened to stone. While an emotion of sympathy is alive within us; ere yet the very spring of feeling becomes parched and dusty—before the sources of our moral being are defiled and dried up—let us act. Our own moral destruction is consequent upon our leaving slavery to go on. Its *perfect work* will be completed in ourselves. And not our own destruction alone. Our country, too, is ruined—our God is dethroned, and we become an idolatrous nation, bowing down to mammon and to Moloch.

I would have every soul filled with sympathy, for its own sake; but I have no confidence in *mere* sympathy, or in numbers, for the final success of the anti-slavery cause. One might have expected that the atrocities of slavery, as already shown, would have aroused the whole land. They have done so. But many who acted from impulse, though they at first did somewhat, at length grew weary and ceased to labor. Others, not knowing what the warfare would lead to, or what obstacles they were to encounter, have found in themselves more sympathy for the enemies than for the friends of anti-slavery principles; and they, too, are gone. Why did ye pause in your march,—it is said to the abolitionists; and why are your faces turned back? It is because ACHAN is in the camp. The Babylonish garment of hypocrisy covers him; he has hidden in our tents the sheckles of sectarianism, and with the wedge of oppression he is driving us asunder: and if we rebuke him not, the Lord will never strengthen our hands in the day of battle. The fire of truth must be kindled against him, and he must be consumed. Do not mistake me. Do not understand me as saying that all who are new organizationists must be consumed. It is the *system* that must be entirely annihilated. Some who are in its toils are dear to me. They will be saved as by fire—but let the fire be kindled, and the chaff consumed. Truth shall do the work.

Let none complain because the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society is true to the commands of Jehovah. Your standard is just and high; I entreat you never to suffer it to be borne backward. Do not rely on temporal means, or an array of numbers. It is *Achan*, who has the gold, and the silver, and the goodly vest. Not many rich, not many mighty, are called to such a conflict as ours. If they were with us, we should know that God was against us. God makes the things that in the eyes of men are but of small account his most effectual instrumentalities: he works through means of such that no flesh may glory in his presence. Many have said, 'See how great we are, and how numerous—how abundant in resources, and how well spoken of!' But let us not despise the ram's-horn. Let us keep ourselves unspotted from the world. There is less need of discussion than we sometimes imagine, and more of action. We must aim to dislodge slavery from every place we visit, till we see it driven from all its accustomed haunts in despair. Then, even in its last struggle, its convulsive throes will intimidate all but those who walk by faith, and not by sight; all but those who are willing to withstand the wild waters of opposition at their highest flood; all but those who are willing to be ranked with the poor and the oppressed—who choose to be reckoned with the Hebrews of America, and will have no lot or part with the Egyptians. For one, I feel it an honor to be so identified. I abhor the policy which shrinks from that course. I rejoice to be fully identified with the despised people of color. If they are despised, so ought we their advocates to be. It is a poor policy, for it is a wicked policy which would make two bands of us. We hear about retaining our influence by not being identified with them. But what was the example of our Saviour? The publicans and sinners were his associates—the poor and the despised.

They are God's nobility, for they are his representatives. The lowest esteemed of our brethren, according to the Christian example, are those whom we are most bound to have in association and remembrance. Therefore, if they are to be scourged by public opinion, let me be scourged by it too.

I have alluded to the labors of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society. It has done much; it has counted exertion and sacrifice as nothing when the times called for them. But we have not done all we should do to carry out our holy and disinterested principles. By prayer and by labor, we shall finally prevail: the oracles of God are our assurance. If we are unfaithful to our own professions and principles, our guilt is of an aggravated character, and it exposes us to the deserved contempt of our opponents. They will ask, as a Virginia lady, a widow with a young family, whom she supported by letting out her slaves, once asked me, on my earnestly enjoining upon her to give freedom to her slaves; whether we are as ready to give up our living to the claims of the cause, as we are to demand sacrifices of the slave-holder. Should we ever hesitate in such a cause as this? All our sacrifices—have they not been sanctified to us? And we should ever be ready to make greater and greater sacrifices, in view of the divine injunction to love our neighbor as ourselves.

The speaker concluded by the recitation of W. H. Burleigh's beautiful little poem:

Toil and pray!
Groweth flesh and spirit faint!
Think of her who pours her plaint
All the day—
Her—the wretched negro wife,
Robbed of all that sweetens life—
Her—who weeps in anguish wild
For the husband and the child
Torn away!—

Among the extracts from letters read at the annual meeting of the Boston Female Anti Slavery Society, are the following, from HARRIET MARTINEAU and ANNE KNIGHT. The cheerfulness of one, and the deep feeling of the other, express so well the anti-slavery mind, according as its mood is grave or gay, that the Society asked their publication.

Tynemouth, Northumberland.

——— Living or dying, I shall be in the spirit with you and your cause. If I can do any thing, however little, for it, while I have life, it shall be done.

* * * * *

Garrison was quite right, I think, to sit in the gallery of the Convention. I conclude you think so. It has done much I am persuaded. You will live to see a great enlargement of our scope of usefulness, I trust; but what with the vices of some women, and the fears of others, it will be hard work to assert our liberty. I will, however, till I die; and so will you; and so make it easier for some few to follow. * *

The information brought out at the Convention will do good, I have no doubt; but the knowledge we have obtained of the obvious deficiencies of the members, in the very principles they came to advocate, will surely do more.

I send £2, which I have got by my needle, for your Society—being fond of fancy work, and fit for it in this my invalid state. I feel in my soul the honor of the appointment of delegate. You know that I could not have discharged its duties, even if the others had been admitted. But I beg to assure my constituents, that there is in me no lack of willingness to serve our cause in any capacity.

Your faithful and affectionate
H. MARTIEAU.

ENGLAND, 8th mo. 4th, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

* * * * *

I am surprised at the readiness of the bigoted to yield to the honest, unflinching assertion of truth; it being, they allow, a question of men's rather than of women's rights, the placing at his side in important scenes in life his better and wiser half, the being whose clearer and diviner instincts would enlighten, ennoble and sanctify his counsels, and hasten, with the help of Divine Providence, the renovation of our world!

At the Freemason's Tavern, the clamor against the question grew less and less, and the advocacy louder. There were many, I believe, ashamed of the part they took. I believe they cannot deny the equality of talent as well as worth of their wives, sisters and daughters. These ideas, discussed often among us, are helping the cause. We tell our opponents, in the beginning, that they must take off their grandmother's night-caps, and throw them to 'the things that love night.' They good naturedly comply, and entertain the subject with a smile. We tell them we are not the same beings as fifty years ago; no longer 'sit by the fire and spin,' or distil rosemary and lavender for poor neighbors; but appoint committees for them, and act in Mission and Bible Societies, reporting to the *men*: sitting in their public meetings, and uniting with them in association committees. Then comes the *great* and *moral* conflict. The dreadful monster, SLAVERY, must be grappled with: and who is sent out to do it? Not man—not the stronger vessel—with his nervous and brawny arm, his stentorian voice, the fierceness of his black beard and mustachios, and his 'eye like Mars, to threaten and command.' What! Not the 'sons of thunder Boanergean?'—Not *they!* Who then? Some fierce dragon more horrible still? No! Guess again. Cerberus? No! Weak, tender, untrained-for-the-work, modest *woman!* And when she appeals to the men against such unheard of folly and atrocity to the weaker vessel, JAMES CROPPER has said—'It is no use talking, Anne: the men are gone to sleep, and it is impossible to rouse them: you must go forth.' At another time and place, to the same appeal, THOMAS CLARKSON, our veteran hero, made the same reply. He did, indeed, my dear friend; and thus having been driven into the forefront of the battle, having in the labor of collecting and going from house to house for signatures to petitions, had to fight with beasts at Ephesus, who can any longer, in this blaze of our superior experience, dazzling the twilight ken of their sheltering cave, dare to omit our names in the muster-roll for the counsel-board? We have a far superior claim to the men, the claim of our ensanguined battlefield—the claim of our trophies, our captives. And can they much longer dare to hold up the puny cry of *custom*, and dread of ridicule, in their confused jargon and strife of tongues—their darkening of counsel by words without knowledge—while the *veterans* sit without, in silent contempt of their rhodomontade? Surely, the folly is hastening to an end; it cannot withstand the light of truth. Tacitus relates that the Germans always called the women to their war counsels, because they had something divine in them; and do not your Indians have their conferences unitedly? The scientific Congresses of France are composed of men and women, myself being a member, and having addressed them at Liege and at Blois, on the subject of slavery. Our own society unites its men and women in mission and conference; and if we may handle the holy things, is it for our own sect to raise its voice opposing our secular and moral engagements? Fohid it, common sense! And then, my dear friend, cease not to cry aloud and lift up thy voice like a trumpet; for, surely, if Indian women, if German women, if the women of France, may hold colloquy with men—the women of England, not less Christian, so not less qualified than they, must, ere long, 'what is dark illumine.' May the emphatic question be sent across the Atlantic by some strong pen to our exclusives in Broad Street—a most inappropriate name; it ought to be the street which is called straight. I wish it were practicable that continuing the subject now begun, the cause of humanity might be extended, so that by the time of a *second* Convention, it would be more deserving the name of a *World's* Convention.

Thy very sincere friend,
ANNE KNIGHT.

From the Liberator.

The London Convention.

The editor of the Philanthropist is highly displeased with the manner in which our brother N. P. Rogers and the National Standard have spoken of the London Convention, and of the present condition of England. Leaving them to defend the *phraseology* in which their opinions have been expressed, in relation to these things, we proceed to offer a few suggestion.

1. Mr. Rogers has ventured to speak of English abolitionism, as such, very slightingly. He may not have been exact and critical in the use of words; but, that he is much nearer the truth than the Philanthropist supposes, we think can be easily shown—and, as an eye-witness, we *know*.

The abolitionism of England is, in the gross, nothing more than the natural humanity of the people, uncorrupted by the power of slavery. It has never been tried in a fiery furnace, (with some few exceptions,) nor compelled to encounter a single storm of persecution, and therefore is no more a test of English character, than is the opposition of Americans to a monarchical form of government. It is one of the easiest things in the world for American 'democracy'—to denounce the despotism of the old world, curl the lip scornfully at the autocrat of Russia, and *celebrate the birthday of American independence*. But what does this prove? Any just appreciation of the rights of man? Any genuine regard for the liberty of the human race? No. Democracy, as well as hypocrisy, knows how to strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel. It can exceed in cruelty and oppression,—in lying, cheating, stealing, enslaving,—the worst kind of despotism to be found in all Europe. So in England, it costs no effort to denounce that which does not exist on her soil at home, to wit, slavery. Her abolitionism 'walks in silver slippers,' is *patronized* by her majesty the Queen, receives the condescending support of Prince Albert, walks arm-in-arm with his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and is, of course, on excellent terms with all that is lofty, honorable and mighty in the kingdom. Hence, individuals may be very zealous and devoted there in the anti-slavery cause—may make liberal sacrifices in its behalf, and sedulously labor to secure for it complete success—and yet be as hostile to the spirit of freedom, and as unwilling to encounter odium and persecution by espousing an unpopular and radical reform at home, as is the pro-slavery party in the United States. Mr. O'Connell seems to regard the *quality* of English and American abolitionism as essentially different. In a speech which he made in the London Convention, he said—

'Here [in England] the abolitionists were in safety, and honored for their exertions by the good. Here they were encouraged and cheered by the smiles of the fair. But far different was it with their friends in America: they were vilified and insulted. The abolitionists of England had nothing to complain of. In America, they are met with the bowie-knife and lynch law. There had ever been martyrs in the sacred cause, and their blood cried out, not for vengeance, but for mercy.'

Certainly, it is a happy circumstance for England, that her soil is free from the pollutions of slavery; and fortunately is it for America, that she is no longer governed by 'king, lords and commons.' But an American democrat may be the veriest tyrant on earth, and an English abolitionist not less pro-slavery than those who are insanely striving to crush the cause of emancipation in this country.

For all that England has done to abolish slavery in her own dominions,—for all that she is doing to abolish it throughout the world,—let us be thankful, and let her receive credit. Her abolitionism will remain true, so long as it is kept at home to bask in the sunshine of royalty, and to be applauded to the echo in Exeter Hall, with a royal duke in the chair; but, almost without an exception, as soon as any portion of it is imported into this country, it becomes cowardly, heartless and corrupt. It shuns the company of American abolitionists with pro-slavery dexterity and delicacy of feeling; it instinctively associates with their enemies; it stands aloof from all contract with our colored population, and exhibits the colorphobia almost as soon as it touches our soil. George Thompson was faithful and true, but he remained so at the peril of his life; and so was Charles Stuart; and so was that extraordinary woman, Harriet Martineau.—These are rare exceptions. But, of all the religious delegations that have been sent to America, from Matthewson and Rice down to Joseph John Gurney and Robert Newton, not an individual has dared to speak and act on the subject of slavery, as he would have done at home; and yet doubtless, they all thought, before landing on these shores, that they should be able to stand up erect in the presence of the Moloch of slavery, instead of basely bowing the knee to it. But they did not know them-selves, for they had never before been compelled to pass through a fiery ordeal. They

anti-slavery gold proved to be all dross,—perhaps as much to their own mortification as to the astonishment of others. And so, we apprehend, it would be with a very large majority of the English abolitionists, if they should come over to us in the present state of public sentiment. This is not uttered in an invidious or reproachful spirit; far from it. Nor do we thus speak, without making glorious exceptions. There are those, on the other side of the Atlantic—both men and women—who would stand by the anti-slavery cause, were it odious and perilous to do so, instead of being honorable and popular as it now is, at home; and who would never compromise their principles abroad.

2. If the editor of the Philanthropist could make a visit to England, he would be much better able to judge of the state of things in that country than he now is; and what seems to him harsh and unjustifiable from the pen of Mr. Rogers, would then have another aspect in his eyes. That the people of England are in a state of subjugation—that they are shamefully oppressed—that the robber hands of royalty and aristocracy are thrust into their pockets at pleasure—that their form of government is at war with the inalienable rights of man, and hostile to the spirit of liberty—that they are subjects and not freemen—that they tamely submit to that which would not be endured for one moment by the people of this country—that an *espionage* is kept upon all their movements, when they lie down and when they rise up—and that (in the language of Mr. Rogers) 'British liberty walks perpetually under guard, subject and subjugated'—no intelligent observer or reflecting mind can doubt. It is no marvel, therefore, that a revolutionary volcano is beginning to rumble, and to throw out streams of burning lava, in that country. England is in a perilous condition. The government must yield more to the claims of bleeding humanity and impartial justice, or it will be swallowed up by an earthquake. The people are starving, while aristocracy and monopoly are wallowing in stolen wealth, and faring sumptuously every day. Endurance has almost passed its bounds. The voice of the people must and will be heard. It is not in the power of England's artillery to suppress it.

3. English abolitionism, in this country, is generally found to be spurious. At home it is no more disposed to espouse any unpopular reform than is pro-slavery in the United States. It has no special regard for the 'extraneous' subject of temperance. It is at *peace* with *war*. It takes 'tithes of mint, anise and cummin,' too often, and therefore makes very little opposition to church tithes. It does not espouse the side of the weak against the strong, nor very deeply sympathize with the starving poor in the land. In short, it is the creature of 'one idea,' and that idea requires no sacrifice of ease or reputation to support it. This, any one, who is not blind, may see at a glance on going to England. This is the real secret of the late attempts of the Chartists to interrupt the proceedings of anti-slavery meetings, and take possession of the platform. They have not been actuated by any hostility to the anti-slavery enterprise; but, perceiving that some of those who are most vociferous in denouncing oppression abroad, care nothing for suffering humanity at home, they have been stirred up to acts of violence, in their disgust at such hollow-hearted philanthropy. Their conduct is not to be justified, but it certainly admits of some palliation. The Chartists, in their struggle for emancipation, are the abolitionists of the United States; and they are as much hated and feared by all that is conservative, minitman or despotic. Some of their leaders, it is true, seem inclined to open sedition, and to favor a resort to brute force, for a redress of grievances; but the great body are disposed to pursue peaceful, legal and constitutional means. What they seek, and all that they ask, is most reasonable—namely, an extension of the right of suffrage, to be allowed to vote by ballot, and an annual parliament. If English abolitionism sympathized with them, they would not violently interrupt the proceedings of anti-slavery meetings. But it does not. We scarcely found an abolitionist in England, who was ready to avow himself a chartist, or who expressed any sympathy in that movement. Why then should not the chartists complain? Three of their number, Messrs. Collins, M'Donall, and White have just been liberated from jail, after a long confinement. A grand Chartist procession was formed in Glasgow to receive them, headed by bands of music, and with banners of every description flying. Hear the language of Mr. Collins on that occasion. In the course of a pathetic and eloquent speech he said:

'When I reflect that your workshops and factories are made the prisons of thousands, and when I reflect upon your toils and sufferings, my heart is almost bursting. Compelled to look upon half-fed, half-clad children, I am led to exclaim—Will those, whose active benevolence has made them traverse the greater part of the habitable globe, through deserts and perilous scenes, to humanize the heart of man, and to obtain his emancipation, *shall they overlook the slavery and destitution at home*? Will their eloquence and their phylacteries not be extended or exercised, to put an end to the slavery in the workshops of Great Britain? (Hear, hear, and cheers.) If they would not do so, then was it left for him and such as him to lift up his voice against corruption and oppression, that they might be enabled to remove slavery from the land. And why do I aid this cause? Because I know that the principles of Democracy are good, and that they are calculated to give peace and happiness to the whole human family.—(Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) Reference has been made to America by previous speakers. When we reflect that America has for the last one hundred and fifty years had her population increased, by having vice and poverty transplanted from all the shores of Europe—and when I reflect that all these have been admitted to the rights and privileges of citizens, and that America has elected men to conduct her councils, not to be surpassed in any of the governments of Europe—that the arts and sciences progress and flourish amongst them, while vice is not respected for its pedigrees, then I am led to conclude that the principles of Democracy produce comfort and happiness to all its subjects. (Cheers.) *There is a stain, however, on the American banner, and that is—slavery.* But, recollect, *slavery is not the result of Democracy*—it is like the factory system in England, the result of kingly dominion and class legislation; but even that evil is fast sinking out of sight, and, I trust, never more to be revived. I beg to assure you that it is not in the power of the Whig Government—let them trample upon the rights of humanity as they may—to prevent the dissemination of the same righteous principles—it is not in their power to put a stop to the progress of the principles of the Charter. (Long continued cheering.")

4. As for the London Committee, the editor of the Philanthropist may attempt to shield them from censure, but their conduct is inexcusable. They are principally members of the Society of Friends; and yet, most obviously to gratify their sectarian hostility to Lucretia Mott and others, they trampled upon their own principles and usages, respecting the rights of woman.—Had they been actuated by the spirit of genuine abolitionism, they would never have attempted to make the 'World's Convention' a mere instrument in their hands to suit their own purposes. Before the Convention came together, they officially determined that the American female delegates should not be admitted to seats in that body! In assuming the management of the Convention, they were guilty of an act of usurpation, for which they deserve open rebuke and severe censure. The Philanthropist says:

'1. The Convention declined receiving female delegates as members.

2. The London Committee waited on Mr. Clarkson, and prevailed on him to omit a certain portion of his speech.

These are the only charges brought against the committee. These, and these alone, are the reasons why such anathemas are declared.'

Are they not sufficient to merit condemnation? 'The Convention declined,' &c. Very delicate language to describe an outrage upon the cause of humanity, and an insult given to the American Anti-Slavery Society! That convention had no right to 'decline,' or pass judgment in the matter. It was called together for the purpose of vindicating, not abridging human rights.—It was a delegated body; and it was for the abolitionists of the United States to determine by whom they would be represented. Even the Philanthropist admits this:

'In our opinion, that body did wrong in refusing to acknowledge the credentials of any class of delegates. The same power that gave W. L. Garrison a right to sit in that convention, conferred authority on Lucretia Mott. She ought to have been received on the ground of her credentials.—Such a course would not have involved the convention in any expression of opinion for or against woman's rights, technically so called.'

This is condemnation enough, in despite of the apology that 'this was a new question in Great Britain'—an apology which sounds very ridiculously from the lips of an American, who sees on the throne of England, 'an inexperienced girl, surrounded by a crowd of old war-bruisers by land and sea, and old hackneyed, heartless statesmen;—having the control of the ship of State and the steering of the Church, archbishops and all; and, to crown her *delicate* and becoming station, acting as commander in chief of their standing army, and grand admiral of the British navy!' Our bro. Rogers may be pardoned for the utterance of such a rebuke; and though the Philanthropist, in the mildness of its mood, is charitably disposed to charge him with cherishing a 'venomous hostility' to the Convention, it cannot alter facts. Its exclamation—'Because that body committed an error in one point, all its good and wise acts must go for nothing!'—is idle. Neither Mr. Rogers nor the Standard has spoken disparagingly of the anti-slavery proceedings of the convention. The 'one error,' however, was a very great error, and exerted a bad influence upon the free spirit of the Convention. It showed that, by sectarian craft and secret plotting, "new organization" had done its work.

'We have long been desirous,' says the Philanthropist, 'of knowing why the London committee interfered with Mr. Clarkson. And the reason is at last devulged (!)—The part in his speech suppressed *had reference to a question in party politics*, in which it was thought unwise to embroil the convention'!! This is said to have been the explanation of this affair made by John T. Norton, at a late meeting in Hartford.—Whether he made it or not, certain it is that it is incorrect. We have twice published in our columns the suppressed portion of Mr. Clarkson's speech. It was merely the opinion of that venerable philanthropist, that, if Great Britain could get her supply of cotton from India, cultivated by free labor—it would be 'all over with American slavery.' How absurd and unfounded the assertion, that it related to party politics! As if Thomas Clarkson would wish to have any thing to do with such a question, or to embroil the Convention in it! A gag was virtually put into his mouth—that portion of his speech, which he justly regarded as of more importance than any thing else he could say on the occasion, he was, by extraordinary importunity and with great reluctance, induced to omit—and why or wherefore, we are even at this late day unable to understand, unless we assume that the London Committee are hostile in spirit to the British India movement. We agree with the New-York Observer, (though we have no respect for the motives which actuate that paper,) that 'no American citizen would have presided at a meeting, after a self-constituted committee had prescribed the terms of his speech.' But an undue advantage was taken of the peculiar situation of Clarkson.

We call upon our esteemed friend John T. Norton to state in what manner that part of Mr. Clarkson's speech, which was suppressed in the convention, but afterwards gived to the public by Clarkson's desire, related to 'party politics,' or how it would have 'embroiled' a Convention called together for the express purpose of devising the best ways and means for abolishing slavery and the slave trade throughout the world.

CONCORD, NOVEMBER 6, 1840.

Plymouth, Nov. 4, 1840.

To the Editorial Chair of the Herald of Freedom:

BELOVED OLD CHAIR,—You are not old, *as my Chair*, or as the Chair of the Herald,—but in your private capacity of mere seat. What your *capacity held*—or whom, before you became Chair of the Herald, I do not know,—but you are by many years—apparently, the Senior of the paper, in whose service you now faithfully stand; and so are an *old Chair*. If you were old as the Editory seat of the little anti-slavery paper, whose servant you are, I should *respectfully* style you, and not familiarly, as I now do.—I take it you and I both shall be more respected some years hence, than we are now,—at least treated with more respect.—You are now set upon, while I am trodden upon—You by your friends—and the friends of Liberty—I by its enemies. But we both bear it patiently. I said we should be respected hereafter, for I expect myself to be remembered in *connection* with the first paper ever printed in New-Hampshire in the service of Humanity.—Although I shall not, as I expect, add any thing to the memorability of the paper. Yet I shall get remembered among the other incidents of it, and as one, who did his best faithfully to keep it in effectual operation for the great Cause.

I believe JOSEPH HORACE KIMBALL used to be your occupant. This will be an honorable circumstance to you, and give you an honorable perpetuity.

But let futority, as to these things, take care of itself.—Neither chair not those who sit in them, are much benefited by being respected or remembered,—especially the occupants—for they die. The chairs sometimes go down to posterity, to be seen, or respected while they are yet alive. I saw some very respectable old chairs, on my recent anti-slavery journey across the water. They were not editorial chairs, but "chairs of State."—I did not respect them much for this, though others do. I saw a *very* respectable old chair of State in London. It stood in Westminster Abbey—in a little old mouldy loft among the dark nooks of that old monastic pile.—Queen Elizabeth sat in it, when they put the crown on her head, (which a hair comb would have much better become, in my opinion—or her native head of hair;—and so I would say of James, who was crowned in it after her.) It was an old chair, and little like what modern *subjection* would build for its Queen. But they reverence it for its *oldness*. Victoria was crowned in it,—although it was the homeliest chair I saw in Britain—except one, and that I saw in *York Minster*, and it was the dishonored one in which hunchbacked Richard the third was crowned—in the famous old Roman city of York. I said it was a homely chair.—You will take no offence, when I say it very much resembles yourself.—It had an ornamental stone in it,—not such as Kings and Queens would wear,—but quite as becoming I think, and adding full as much to its beauty. It was a famous stone. It was brought from Scone in Scotland—There was a wizard saying about it, that wherever that stone should be, there should be the crown of Britain or the crown of Scotland.—When Scottish king James became king of Great Britain, he carried it with him to London, and it has remained there ever since. It is a homely, clumsy stone, not one of "the precious,"—but a piece of blue, common, field stone—some two feet and a half long, and ten inches broad if I remember right, and is deposited in the frame-work of the old rickety chair, directly up under the seat, across the fore part of it. I sat down in the chair with my hat on, in token of irreverence for crowns and the baubles of state. I felt no such deference for seats as I do when I sit on your honored flag bottom, and make the local inspiration to help me say something for him, who has no seat among the human family. But there were many old associations hovering about that ancient chair—It was in the depths of that monkish old pile—above it was the surpassing beauty of its lofty, vaulting dome,—that seemed to spring upward like the boughs of a tree, and reminded me, by close resemblance, of the intermingling elm boughs that wove themselves into each other, above my head, in one of the walks in the Royal Park at Windsor. They looked, where they meet over head, for all the world like the *lancet arches* in the roof of Westminster Abbey, and the stone *raftering* was about the size of the elm boughs, and resembled them, and I have no doubt Gothic architecture stole its forms of beauty from the native tree tops. Close by the old *succession* chair was a vaulted stair way—closed and hollow, leading up to some old retreat of superstition,—the old locks on the entrances eat all up, a century ago or more probably, with rust.—I can't tell you so that *you* can understand me, the objects that surrounded that old chair.—I did not think when I begun this letter of saying a word about the Abbey.—It is all a digression.—I meant to say something of New Hampshire anti-abolition, to watch which, I have again left you, as I have had to often in times past, and which you have kept in awe, quite as much when empty as when filled.

I will say nothing of king Richard's chair, or of the mighty York Minster, where it stands now. I intend to tell of these thing for the entertainment of *our* beloved anti-slavery readers, who can gather English history, out of these old chairs and cathedrals, and so something that belongs to the cause of human liberty.—These things we will declare *when we meet* again. I do not feel at home away from you. No sofa or couch of down yields me the reposing support, to say nothing of the philanthropic excitement, which I experience within your massy old frame work. I am interrupted and must subscribe myself

With much love to you and *our* readers,
Yours and theirs,
N. P. ROGERS.

Convention at Milford.

We hope there will be a general mustering of all who *profess* to be abolitionists, and of all who do do not even profess it—at the meeting below mentioned. The party "*drunken scrape*" of the country will have passed by, and the people, who have moral constitution enough left to get sober, will have become so by "thanksgiving." We hope no one who has not, will pretend to "*keep thanksgiving*." But we conjure all, who may read this notice, whatever their course heretofore in regard to anti-slavery,—to be present at this meeting. There will be room for all, and the meeting will be free to all. Especially we entreat those, who feel themselves touched with symptoms of new-organization—who feel any jealousy of the old Society, or of any of its friends, to just come to the Milford Convention and see and hear and speak for themselves. We call on The People to attend, without distinction—men and women—old and young—of all callings—especially those who get their living by *work*—and *more* especially those who work in the *land*. The question of *enslaving the laborer of the country* comes up there—the *agricultural* laborer. The question, in effect, of the enslavement of field labor itself. The country is fast falling into the principle of enslaving and degrading field labor, and that, even while labor is flattered as paramount to every thing else, for the sake of getting its consent to ride it and rule over it in office. The spirit of the times is to despise *labor in the field* and to live without it and upon it.—Southern slavery fosters that principle,—and the northern laborer will find himself enslaved before he dreams of it—if the slave system is to be tolerated in the country as it has been. They hold slaves at the South because *labor is degrading* there. Its tendency is to degrade labor all over the country.

The subject must be met. We meet it openly and before all the world, and we want the world to be at our meetings. We shall agitate the country till the slave has his liberty. It will have to emancipate the slave or *it never shall hear the last of it*. We *will disturb* it, by the help of God, till slavery is abolished. There are multitudes of us enlisted, and God will keep the number good, who cannot be silenced, or in any way quieted till the country takes such character on, and such demeanour, as that every man shall be free among us and of equal rights.—God has stirred us up to it, and we never will sleep—except the sleep of death—till our great errand is accomplished. The nation shall not sleep neither, till it delivers all its people from slavery. We will cry FIRE and SLAVERY in its drowsy ear, with the noise of an earthquake. It shall not sleep.—We will rouse it from nightmare and from palsey and from trance. These are now its repose. It can have no wholesome sleep, with the night-hag of slavery on its breast.

Those who think to weary us into quiet, by staying away from our meetings, reckon without their host. Staying away will not weary *us*. It wearies those who stay. They had better come now then.—We *warn them to come*.

Garrison will be at the Convention—"Garrison the INFIDEL." The "enemy of the Church—the Sabbath—and the ministry"—who has called a Convention, the Panoply complains, for the overthrow of these three—*without signing the call*. The people of old Hillsborough will have opportunity there to *see* the *cloven-footed monster*, whose grim idea disturbs the slumbers of the pro-slavery pulpit. We hope every minister in all Hillsborough county will be there. Don't let them stay away for fear or pride,—neither of these become a minister of the gospel.

Foster will be there, "the dangerous man"—the dread of the *pro-slavery* clergy, the "divider of churches" and the unsettler of ministers. And the *mad* Chandler—who the Baptist Register says has left his meeting and won't support the minister,—a minister by the bye, whom the Register's Sect *won't commune with, as a Christian* or receive him to their fellowship! Pillsbury will be there too, "without weight of influence"—the minister against whom pulpit doors stand closed, like synagogue against Samaritan. And Lewis will be there, the *black man*, whom the Panoply and his patrons are conniving to have smuggled away with all his people into a sickly sand hole on the coast of Africa, where fever eats up American life at the rate of once in three years. The Panoply wants to get them off there, where "they can rise." Lewis will be at Milford, and the people may see and hear whether, under all his disadvantages, he does not really belong to the human family. *We* intend, Providence permitting, to be there, with those faithful and toiling brethren, and we trust our cause will be sensibly advanced by the Convention. We have always regarded it as a point gained, when we can afford the people opportunity to see and hear brother Garrison. Prejudice against *him* is a powerful weapon in the hands of pro-slavery against our cause. They feighten the people away from it, by the name of the "Infidel Garrison." We want the people to hear him for themselves and learn if he is an *infidel!*

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

There will be a Convention of the friends of immediate and universal emancipation holden in Milford, N. H. on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, to promote the cause of humanity by exerting a continued influence in behalf of those measures which have long been in successful operation, and are destined to work the speedy overthrow of slavery.

The friends of the Anti-Slavery cause are respectfully invited to be present.

Our brother WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON will be present, and will give a lecture on the subject on the evening previous (Nov. 12) to the day of the Convention.

Other able advocates are expected to be in attendance at the meeting.

EZEKIEL MILLS,
Chairman of Com.

Milford, Oct. 22d, 1840.

Abby Kelley.

Let the reader begin her speech on our first page and he will finish it,—and then let him believe, if he can that Paul's epistle to the Corinthians or any other scripture discountenances speeches from women in behalf of humanity. Paul would not have liked to hear this speech from her when he was in Gamaliel's law school, any more than theological students do in these days—or military students or students in politics. But Paul, after his journey to Damascus, was of a different temper and way of thinking. He learned in the new school to which he went, the school of Christ, that Christianity knew no sex.

This extraordinary young woman is doing immense service in the anti-slavery field. To the modesty that becomes humanity—the humility that adorns the christian—the faithfulness and the independence and the freedom of spirit, that distinguish the true Christian, who fears God only of all the Universe—she unites a power of intellect, that is exceedingly rare, and an eloquence that nothing but flint can withstand, and flint can't endure it. The pro-slavery pulpit of Connecticut has tried to silence her voice. It cannot succeed. She has no deference for that wooden eminence. The voice of God—the commands of Christ—the gospel of her Divine Master she hearkens to more than the papistry of Connecticut, and goes forth triumphatly pleading the cause of her enslaved and perishing kindred. We had hoped to have her services in this State. But she says there is more tyranny in Connecticut than in New-Hampshire, and where tyranny is most audacious, there she presents herself to confront it, and she will yet cover the pro-slavery pulpit of Connecticut with shame. We heard her at Worcester and Springfield. At the latter place she was very impressive. She is distinguished as a speaker for clearness and force. She does not display much power of imagination—or indulge in flights of fancy. She argues keenly and closely, and impresses you with the weight and pertinency of her reasonings.

For the Herald of Freedom.

Brother Rogers,

A valued correspondent at Littleton, wishes me to say to our New Organized friends at Concord, that they of that town are not in want of any more of the Massachusetts Abolitionist, as the postage is more than the market price of the paper. There is but one New Organizationist in the place, (unless Cephas &c. have come also among them,) and he, my friend says declares himself true to Old Tip. Our Massachusetts friends seem determined we shall swallow New Organization, papers, extras, St. Clair and all. Poor New Hampshire! how the whole world pities her! and how anxious to enlighten her political, and pro-slavery darkness! But Littleton in such matters, is abundantly able to take care of herself. Especially is this true of the abolitionists. A speech-maker on all her stumps, (and new town as she is, she has many,) and a rustling of Massachusetts Abolitionists Extra, that should silence the dashing clamor of Amonoosuck and the loud murmur of the forests through which it winds its boistrous course, as they are shaken by autumnal tempests, would not be able to turn them off from their purpose of remembering the slave, as well at the polls as before a pro-slavery pulpit. James Gilispie Birney however, and the "*Democratic*" Earle, will receive none of their votes.

The anti-slavery of Littleton is emphatically "a root out of a dry ground," and in the eye of the church and Cephasic ministry there, it has "no form nor comeliness." The poor slave fallen as he is "among thieves," has been "passed by on the other side," by both *priest* and *Levite*, and the church all but two or three, have followed them. But certain Samaritans, (or as the minister there called them, *infidel* universalists and *irreligious* men,) have come to his relief. They are binding up his wounds, and pouring in the oil and wine. They are going from town to town to awaken an interest in his behalf. The *pence* too are not wanting, to meet the charges. A strange *Christianity* this of the Littleton church! The *common humanity* of these "infidels, universalists and irreligious men" is to be preferred before it.

Our visit to Littleton during the recent campaign of brother French and myself in Grafton county, was deeply interesting to us, and we trust not without profit to the cause. Sabbath afternoon, I preached in the meeting house, and in the evening lectured in the same place on slavery. On Monday we went out some four or five miles, and addressed the people in the afternoon at a school house, and in the evening at a large hall in another neighborhood. In both of these meetings our faithful friend Peabody distinguished himself, by a strain of enlivening pertinent and sensible remarks. Littleton abolitionists generally, are not afraid to utter themselves in the slave's behalf.

The cause of Temperance too, while the

church has exhibited no peculiar zeal in it, is not neglected by the abolitionists. Passing through the place afterward on the back track, I gave an address at their special request, on that subject. Be assured my brother, there is nothing lost to the cause of anti-slavery, by an occasional interference with this "extraneous" subject. Wherever we go, the universal opinion is, that drunkenness is increasing every year. Never, it is said have our military days witnessed such scenes as the present autumn. There is yet a Herculean work to be done, before the Augean stable of Intemperance will be cleansed. And abolitionists as *universal reformers* have that work to do. Anti-slavery cannot triumph till it is done. And in its performance we are yet to encounter much the same opposition that we meet in our crusade against slavery. As soon as the clergy see *the people* taking the work into their own hands, determined that it shall be done, and inviting "all sorts of folks" to aid in it, even "infidels, universalists and irreligious men," will they not new organize? I ask, will they not? Why was the South church recently closed against a State Temperance Convention? Why is the Panoply yelping out its canine note of caution against permitting anti-slavery agents to lecture on the subject, lest they should deceive some of the very pro-slavery elect, and run away with their money and appropriate it to the anti-slavery cause? What do the sentiments which some of the clergy in and around Concord have already expressed, indicate, but malignant hostility to the cause of Temperance, unless it goes forth with all the hoodwinks, and fetters, and gags with which a narrow souled bigotry and sectarianism would encumber it?

My brother, I fear the abolitionists (I should say *the reformers*) as yet are not aware of the mighty magnitude of their work. Before the demon spirit of slavery shall be cast out, there will be writhings and contortions, with wallowings and foamings, that will rend our civil and ecclesiastical organizations, insomuch that many shall say, they are dead. It is a kind that goeth not out, but by prayer and fasting. Other foul spirits will be discovered, until it shall be said their name is Legion, for they are many. All the fountains of the great deep will be broken up. On earth must be distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking at the things that are coming on the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. In the contest before us, if we triumph, (and we shall,) there will be as much glory belonging to us, as belonged to Israel when the walls of Jericho fell at the blowing of the ram's horns. Ours is a work that none but God can do, and to him will be all the glory.

Your fellow Instrumentality,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

For the Herald of Freedom.

Some of the doings of the Rockingham Conference at Deerfield, September 29 and 30, and October 2, 1840.

Brother Rogers:

Rev. Mr. Clark is agent of the A. B. C. F. M. He was patiently heard in a long speech, made in their behalf; he informed us how they wanted money; how many members, are embraced in the orthodox churches, and if every one would pay $1,10 each, the Board would be relieved of their pressing embarrassments, which were assuming an unfavorable aspect. He said the contributions were two or three thousand dollars less, last year, than they were the year before, and if the churches did not make more vigorous efforts, and contribute more liberally, the Board would be crippled in their work of evangelizing the poor heathen.

After a long calculating speech which greatly delighted the ears of many who heard, the Conference adjourned until 9 o'clock Thursday morning.

Thursday, met according to adjournment. After a short prayer, Mr. C. resumed his yesterday's subject, in connection with which he introduced a long string of resolutions approving of the doings of the Board and calling on the Conference to adopt them, and co-operate, in this mighty enterprise; at the same time proposing that every resolution be read separately, and the sense of the Conference taken by vote. But one rose and dared to question the proceedings of the Board in taking the price of the bodies and souls of men, women, and children, to pay their missionaries in heathen lands. Apparently this suggestion produced the effect that a clap of thunder would, in a cloudless sky. At first it was still as night. At last Rev. Mr. French rose with an open Bible in his hand, and read the 10th verse of the 72d Ps., where it is written, "The kings of Tarshish and of the Isles shall bring presents; the kings of Sheba, and Seba, shall offer gifts." To justify the Board, he said that those kings obtained their gold and silver in the same way. This strange exposition of the passage, to make ordinary readers believe that the Board should be justified, in receiving the wages of unrighteousness, suggested to the mind, that the Bible was not more shockingly perverted in the temptation of our Lord.

If they did obtain what they gave, and offered, in such a way, Solomon did wrong to receive it; for the Lord says, "I *hate* robbery for a burnt offering."

After a few desultory remarks, in connection with which, there was much writhing, and calling to order, and complaining of the want of time, as is usual whenever any thing is introduced about slavery, in such a way as to implicate the doings of the board, Mr. Clark proceeded to give some account of its being connected with that foul system of iniquity, and why they refused to take any action on the subject at their late meeting in Providence.

His remarks, to justify them in taking the price of slaves, to pay missionaries, were the same we have heard ever since the subject was first introduced.

1. He said slave holders gave but little, and that little could do no great injury to the cause of missions.

2. That other money might be obtained in a sinful way; and it was not the duty of the Board to ask every donor how he procured what he gave.

Reference was then had to the memorial, sent to the Board, and the report of the committee of which Dr. Hawes was chairman.

Mr. Clark said there were so many *difficulties* in the way, the Board refused to take any action on the subject. Here he was called on to specify some of those difficulties.

He remarked that the Board was composed of men of different views and feelings in relation to the subject of slavery, and if they should refuse to take such money, their pecuniary embarrassments would be greatly increased, that they wouldbe heartily glad to receive no more aid from slave holders; that they had no agent in the slave States, and did not mean to have any; and added, that slavery is evil, only evil, and that continually. Here, on Mr. Clark's part the matter ended.

He forgot, no doubt, that the Board at their last meeting, elected Rev. Artemas Bullard, of Missouri, one of their corporate members. If he had not, he would not have said, they do not wish to have any further aid from slavery. In all human probability, Mr. Bullard will use his influence to collect funds in that slave holding State, for the use and benefit of the Board.

SABBATH SCHOOL REPORT.

This was prepared by Rev. Mr. French of North Hampton, and was a very good document.

It was moved that Mr. French prepare an abstract of the report, and send it to the Panoply for publication.

Before the vote was called for, it was moved that the Conference, request the Editor of of the Herald of Freedom, to publish it too, so that the readers of that paper may have the pleasure of perusing it. This simple request occasioned much excitement, but finally passed.

After a moment's pause, the vote was disputed; but by whom, is not remembered. The reason assigned, was, he did wish to do any thing to encourage that paper.

Mr. Fifield of Epsom, being present, requested liberty to say a few words, which was granted. He commenced by saying, he hoped the Conference would do nothing to encourage that paper; and he thought it would if it should request the editor to publish that report. He appeared to be full of indignation, and added, that the Herald was unchurching our churches, and uprooting our Conferences.

He was now called on, to make a single specification, and challenged to place his finger on a sentence, or refer to one that tended to uproot our Conferences, or unchurch our churches. This for a time seemed to drive him against the wall. At length he said he could make one. And what do you think it was? Why last winter or spring, he read in the Herald, 'that some church members, would go to their haunts, on the Sabbath, and hear pro-slavery ministers preach, rather than stay at home and read that paper, and in an undertone added, that it called almost all the ministers pro-slavery.

The vote was re-considered; so the editor of the Herald will not be requested by the Conference, to publish the report of the Sabbath School in Rockingham county.

The Sabbath School in W. Chester has been as flourishing this season as usual. From 70 to 100 are connected with it. Some of the adults, and most of the children who attend meeting on the Sabbath belong to it. The Union Questions are generally used.

For the Anti Slavery cause, we have contributed $45,91; for the N. E. N. R. Society, $3,00; for the Peace Society $2,00.

If you think the above will help the cause of God, and suffering humanity you may insert it in your *despised* paper; if not, it may answer to make a short but briliant light in your study. Do as you please with it. I am aware that it can do but little, if any good; It may some, or it may not. Depend on it, brother Rogers, we are engaged in a terrible conflict with the powers of darkness, and it sometimes seems as though they would prevail; they would were not God on the side of the poor and needy. We must be willing to have our names cast out amongst men; turned out of the synagogue, and accounted as the filth and offscouring of all things before ever we shall be successful. I do feel more and more confidence in the belief, that the strongest hold of slavery, of war, and of many other sins, will be found amongst those called the churches of Christ. I have had some opportunity to know how subjects of reform are treated by those who fill high places in church and state. Satan seems to be mustering his forces for the battle of the great day of God Almighty; and the solemn inquiry with us should be, "And who shall be able to stand?

Yours for the cause of Christ,

BENJ. SARGENT.

Chester, October 26, 1840.

Monthly Report of the State Treasurer which is due to-day will be inserted next week.

A fine institution for the Insane is soon to be opened at Augusta, Maine. A Library is to be collected for the use of these unfortunate people. A good idea.

For the Herald of Freedom.

Fruits of our Infidelity.

Dear brother Rogers,—Below is an extract of a letter from a mutual friend of ours who has of late enjoyed a favorable opportunity to become acquainted with our most ultra views and principles, and to witness their effect upon the feelings and conduct of such as embrace them, and are *baptized* into their *spirit*. The faith, courage, forbearance, and sweet temper which it breathes, is a fair specimen of the fruit of our principles, wherever they are received into the heart, and suffered to control the life. If this be infidelity, then are we infidels; and our opponents are guiltless in representing us as such. We glory in such infidelity! Let our country, and the world be *filled* with it. It will do for them, what the *Christianity* of the *Church* has never done—and never will do, to the end of time. Its prevalence may annihilate some of the lifeless "*forms* of godliness," but it will exhibit to the world its *power*. If you think its publication will serve in any measure to allay the fears of those honest friends who tremble at the *rashness* and *imprudence* of our zeal, it is at your disposal. Thy brother.

S. S. FOSTER.

——, Sept. 30, 1840.

I am happy to avail myself of the privilege of writing you at this time. Although some of my *clerical* friends would think me strangely out of my "*sphere*," you, I trust, will pardon the liberty I take; and since I have your permission to write, I deem apology unnecessary.

Your last visit to —— greatly refreshed our fainting spirits, and endeared you to our hearts. We are truly happy to be *identified* with you in every *benevolent* cause, and to join our feeble efforts with yours to advance the Redeemer's kingdom on earth. We have *now* no *remaining fears* that it is your *purpose* to destroy religion, but are confident that it is your heart's desire and prayer to God, that He may be glorified, and the cause of *truth* and *righteousness* promoted; and that to accomplish this object, you feel bound not to labor for the *peace* only, but the purity of the church. "There is" says James B. Taylor, "sweet harmony between souls that vibrate in unison, when touched with love divine." Now although we are mere babes in Christ, yet we do feel that we have a congeniality of *feeling* and *interest* with those "who would live godly in Christ Jesus," and who are endeavoring to hold up the light of truth amid surrounding darkness, and like Moses, we prefer suffering affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. When told that by doing this we shall lose our "*standing*," we remember that our Saviour made himself of no reputation, and has taught us to rejoice, and be exceeding glad, when our names are cast out as evil—when men shall *hate* and *persecute* us, and say all manner of evil against us *falsely* for His sake. O for the spirit of Christ—a willingness to suffer for well doing, and to take it patiently—to glory in tribulation. In this holy temper of heart which the gospel requires, I am sensible I have been greatly deficient. I have endeavored to bridle my tongue—to cut off the branches, while the bitter root remained in my heart. I have not yet learned to forgive, so as to have my affections flow out *easily* and *naturally*, towards the persons who have injured me. This I *must* do. Yes, I must obey the command, "Love your enemies," "Render to no man evil for evil," or I cannot be a *Non-resistant*. The more I reflect upon this doctrine, the more fully am I convinced, that it is in truth the very *essence* of Christianity; and I now understand clearly the meaning of a remark in one of your letters, "No non resisting Abolitionist will be found in hell;" for I now see that till we are truly regenerated, we can never embrace a doctrine so contrary to the human heart, or rather natural heart, which is enmity against God.

I have cause to admire and adore the goodness of God in preparing my heart for the reception of the sweet truths inculcated by brother R. and yourself. Within the last two years I have truly been led in a way I knew not. For years previous to this time I was in a deep spiritual slumber, resting in the *form*, while destitute of the *power* of Godliness. But through the mercy of God, I trust I have been delivered from the yoke of bondage, and through his abounding grace, have received the spirit of adoption, whereby I am enabled to cry Abba, Father. Truly "it is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He is my only consolation. On this blessed rock my hope for eternity is built; and I now feel that he is my *only* Guide. And shall I murmur or repine while I am thus highly favored? I have learned the consoling truth that "the Lord can feed and guide me, when under-shepherds are deficient, or unfaithful—yea He can and will do it.

I am daily more and more convinced of my entire helplessness, and that I cannot go a single step, without leaning on the arm of my Beloved. I have foes within as well as without; and I often tremble at the position in which I am now placed; and most deeply do I feel the need of more grace. In the strength of the Lord I hope to go onward, though my path is beset with thorns. Of many here I can say in truth, they hate me with cruel hatred. I know not why they should aim all their arrows at me—but so it is. Mr. —— and others, feel that I am guilty of leading my husband astray, as well as the rest of the *rebels*.

You know from experience, how peculiarly unpleasant it is to be in "perils among false brethren;" yet if rightly improved even these trials will prove real blessings to our souls.—"The same love which gives our daily bread, appoints our daily crosses." This thought should hush every murmur, and lead us to look up with a smile, and say "Thy will be done," my Father. * * * * *

You recollect I remarked to you when here, that even the true-hearted Abolitionists in this place had too little piety. My heart is deeply pained that this is the case, and I often sigh for sweet converse with those, who have drank deeply of that water of which "if a man drink he shall never thirst." I have long prayed that there might be a deeper and more thorough work of grace in the hearts of professing Christians around me, but have not yet seen the desire of my heart; and I cannot tell you how painful is the thought, suggested often to my mind, that my prayers have availed nothing as yet. It is truly one of the fiery darts of the adversary.—But the promises of God are "yea and amen in Christ Jesus," and when I am brought low at the foot of the cross, and am prepared to give all the glory to Him,—when I cease to *idolize myself*, and desire the descent of the Holy Spirit, that God's name may be glorified, and his kingdom extended, then I firmly believe, God for the sake of his Son, will bestow the spiritual blessings I have so long desired. Will you not plead for us at the throne of grace that there may be raised up here a host of "*self-denying, cross-bearing, bible Christians*" who will let their light *shine*? * * * * * *

From the Liberator.

Letter from C. L. Remond.

EDINBURGH, Sept. 21st, 1840.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:

Upon the table before me is the Liberator of the 28th ult. apprising me of your safe arrival home, together with friend Rogers, Fuller, Grosvenor, and Galusha. It afforded me great pleasure to learn of your safe return, and additional pleasure to notice the promptness with which the colored citizens of Boston welcomed you, with friend Rogers, on shore, and the reception they gave you at the Marlboro' Chapel. Thanks be to Providence, they knew their duty, and were ready and willing to perform it. It augurs well for the cause in which you have been engaged for the ten years past; and the proceedings of that evening at the Marlboro' was proof conclusive, that you had not been engaged in vain. Such a meeting, ten years ago, would have stirred, and I had almost said would have moved the foundations of the Old Bay State. Think of one of the finest and largest chapels in Boston being filled to overflowing with much of the learning, wisdom, piety and philanthropy of the city, to receive Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Nath'l P. Rogers, distinguished for their fearless advocacy of the colored man's rights—and, above all, colored ladies and gentlemen sitting promiscuously with this body. Think of it, mobocrats of Philadelphia! Look in upon that meeting, aristocrats of New-Haven! Pass judgment, negro-haters of Bath and Hallowell! Reflect upon it, humanity-scourgers of New-York, who prided yourselves in compelling your superiors in every respect, save that of slavery-ridden and debased human nature, to fly the public house kept by Mr. Goss, as late as May, 1840! What will the priests, levites, attorney generals, senators and governors say to all this? What can they say, other than that upon the question of slavery, our country is to be turned '*right side up*,' (with care,) if you please? What, but that fanaticism has become sober truth, incendiarism has become patriotism, recklessness has become solicitude for the country's weal, and last, but not least, amalgamation has become a right in the estimation of the wiseacres of 1835, 6, 7, 8 and 9, providing silence gives consent. So much for the march of truth. Another feather is soon to be placed in the cap of my native State, (Massachusetts,) the first to strike for the freedom of the country. May she be the first to banish from her soil and associations the corroding fetters of prejudice, which, if we may be allowed an opinion, from the experience of the past, the view of the present, and the prospects of the future, is soon to be the case.

Upon our young men, and young women, every thing (comparatively speaking) depends. Too long have many of this class been indifferent to this question. It is our cause, and if we are unwilling to promote it, we deserve proscription, and are not only deaf to the cries of the enslaved, but false to our trust. Too often have I been pained to see young men with growing families around them, almost from appearances ignorant of the efforts being made in their behalf.—Shame on the colored father or mother, who can rest contented in their lot, or with the prospect staring them in the face, that their children and their children's children must be subjected to the condition through which our fathers passed, and which we daily experience!

It need not be, if we will it; otherwise, it cannot be. No nation can keep four millions of people in bondage to Slavery's Moloch, or its handmaid Prejudice, when they shall decree it otherwise. Then let us rally to the moral contest, and, being armed with the weapons of truth, soberness, industry and knowledge, we will present a Spartan front, through which no army, led on by Slavery's call, can penetrate, and, ere long, the American eagle shall bear on his beak the olive-branch of freedom to every colored man, woman, and child thoughout the American continent.

You will be glad to hear that it is my happiness, at this time, to be travelling with our friend and coadjutor, GEORGE THOMPSON, who, I have every reason to believe, should he be spared, is destined to prove the successful advocate of suffering humanity in the *East* as well as in the *West* Indies. The growing interest in this country, upon the question of British India, is alike surprising and encouraging. I have accompanied Mr. Thompson as far north as Aberdeen, and he is every where hailed, and cheered, and honored. Every day fresh proofs of devotedness to the cause he has espoused come in to him from every quarter; and if he possessed a hundred tongues, every one of them would be employed. As the British learn the three-fold effects of East India emancipation—viz: the enfranchisement of the East Indian, the prosperity of the working-classes of Great Britain, and the unavoidable overthrow of American Slavery—the universal shout will ring through the land. And shall America say, England shall buy and manufacture her blood-stained and tear-saturated cotton? No! Shall America say, Great Britain shall not carry out the god-like work she has so nobly begun? No! Then let American slavery perish—as perish it must, and that speedily; for survive it cannot long. It may live, for a time, by feeding upon its kind; but you and I may yet live to see its overthrow. Four out of six British papers, upon an average, speak favorably of the movement. Georgia may offer her rewards for the abduction of American citizens; but more mines must be discovered through the tears, and bones, and blood, and ashes of murdered slaves, ere she can hope to purchase the head of Old England, or intimidate her sons, or deter them from their work of philanthropy. No nation or people possess a superior to DANIEL O'CONNELL as a political advocate, or GEORGE THOMPSON as a moral advocate. Wo be to the system they combine against. Glad as we would be to see our friend Thompson on our side of the Atlantic, I feel convinced from observation since I have been honored with his companionship while travelling and lecturing for the advancement of the cause of injured Africa, that he is doing more for the overthrow of American Slavery, than he could possibly do were he in our country at this time. I fear we do not duly appreciate the services Mr. Thompson has rendered, and is at this time rendering in behalf of the oppressed and proscribed of our land. The debt of gratitude due him on our part is great indeed. I feel no hesitancy in saying GEORGE THOMPSON is surpassed by no man in England or Scotland, in his persevering, consistent and successful efforts, both publicly and privately, for the emancipation and elevation of our people; and the more I mingle with the friends, and society at large, the more I am convinced of the truth of the statements. The first monument of honor erected by colored Americans to any living man should bear an appropriate inscription, demonstrative of their regard and affections for him. Could they, with me, listen to his appeals to English hearts, and English humanity, and English philanthropy, all thoughts of extravagance on my part would vanish.

In my next, I shall say something respecting the woman question in the north of Scotland. My departure from Scotland is attended with difficulty, owing to the many pressing invitations from different sources to visit and lecture in company with Mr. Thompson; but we intend starting for England soon. The family of Mr. Thompson are in the enjoyment of good health. With the anxious hope that our cause is prospering, and desiring to be kindly and affectionately remembered to the friends in Boston, I remain,

Ever your attached friend,

In bonds for the oppressed,

C. LENOX REMOND.

Temperance and Peace

AT CANTERBURY.

A meeting for the promotion of these objects will be held at the Town House in Canterbury on the first Sabbath after Thanksgiving, commencing at half past ten o'clock. The meetings in the day time will be devoted to the subject of Peace, to be opened by a public lecture from brother Pillsbury of Concord. The evening will be devoted to the subject of Temperance, at which time brother Pillsbury will deliver an address, to be followed by brother N. P. Rogers with some account of the progress of the Temperance Reform in England, Scotland and Ireland. Our friends from neighboring towns are invited to attend and participate in the exercises of the occasion.

S. S. FOSTER.

Canterbury, Nov. 4th, 1840.

THE WARFARE.

Arrangements have been made, Providence permitting, to hold meetings for lectures or discussions on the subject of slavery at the following places: On Monday, Nov. 16th, afternoon and evening at Canterbury; Tuesday afternoon and evening, Nov. 17th, at Sanbornton Bridge; Wednesday afternoon and evening Nov. 18th at Sanbornton Square; Thursday (19) afternoon and evening at Gilmanton Centre; Friday afternoon and evening at Pittsfield, and Saturday afternoon and evening at Loudon Village. The friends and the opponents of our cause are invited to attend and participate in the discussions. Our object is to inculcate *truth*. If we hold correct principles on the subject of American Slavery, we wish others to embrace them. If our principles are not correct, let us be met on the platform of discussion, and shown our error.

The assistance of N. P. Rogers and S. S. Foster has been secured for each of the meetings. The friends of the cause it is hoped will fix the hour and place as they shall deem best.

PARKER PILLSBURY,

Gen. Agt. N. H. A. S. Society.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We are constrained from actual necessity to make one more appeal to our subscribers who have not paid for the Herald. We have repeatedly sent out our bills,—but many of them remain *unpaid*. We ask once more for PAY—not *charity*.—but PAY for the Herald, which has been faithfully sent to you from week to week. Can you deprive us of our just dues any longer? Say not "the amount is so small it will do but little good." All newspaper accounts are small,—and *many* small ones make a large sum in the aggregate.

Will you send on the money *immediately* and let us have the means of paying the heavy debts we have incurred in the publication of the Herald? We cannot think you wish us to suffer loss. We respectfully ask you to determine that we shall not suffer on your account. E. G. CHASE.

POETRY.

From the Abolitionist.

Hymn.

AIR—"From Greenland's icy mountains."

Our countrymen are dying
Beneath the cankering chains,
Full many a heart is sighing,
Where nought but slavery reigns.
No note of joy and gladness,
No voice with freedom's lay,
Falls on them in their sadness
To wipe those tears away.

Where proud Potomac dashes,
Along its northern strand,
Where Rappahannock lashes
Virginia's sparkling sand;
Where Eutaw, famed in story,
Flows swift to Santee's stream,
There, there, in grief and gory
The pining slave is seen!

And shall New-England's daughters,
Descendants of the free,
Beside whose far famed waters
Is heard sweet minstrelcy,
Shall they when hearts are breaking,
And woman weeps in wo,
Shall they all listless waiting
No hearts of pity show?

No! let the shout for freedom
Ring out a certain peal,
Let sire and youthful maiden,
All who have hearts to feel,
Awake! and with the blessing
Of Him who came to save,
A holy, peaceful triumph,
Shall greet the kneeling slave!

Boston, May 26, 1840.

TEMPERANCE.

We copy the following from the Youth's Temperance Lecturer—a little pamphlet by Dr. Charles Jewet, a temperance abolitionist,—prepared for the Sabbath School Library. We take an article from it at random. It is a specimen of the work. May the Lord bless and prosper the Temperance Cause, and the temperance advocate. This little production of Dr. Jewet's is a capital thing for young hands—and the young hands are the ones. The poor, old, hardened folks are quite hopeless cases.—An old seller, a distiller—a moderate drinker, or opposer of teetotalism, is about as hopeless as an old drukard. There is a spiritual drunkenness upon him, that "all the waters of the sweet heavens cannot wash out." The leopard can put off his black spots, or the tiger his stripe, as readily as the old, hackneyed, anti-temperance man can his *pro-drunkard* character.—And you can't reach the *heart* of a sly, snugly-settled, anti-excitement *pulpit*, on this subject, any sooner than on the subject of slavery. It will endanger the church and the pulpit, they think, to have the people stir on this or any religious subject.—They are afraid now to stir them themselves: They are afraid if they stir them up—they won't settle again——*under their control*. Such pulpits cannot stand the moral heavings of the age. They are not rock-founded and they will fall, and great will be the fall of them.

We hope Dr. Jewet's little book will get read. These are reading times, and when the political cholera subsides, as we trust it will, now cold weather is at hand, temperance, anti-slavery, and the Bible will have a hearing.—We hope so. It shall not be our fault if they do not.

The Drunkard's Boy.

See that poor boy, with a bundle of scrolls upon his shoulders, which he is carrying home to supply the fire and keep his wretched mother and his little brothers and sisters from freezing. How sorrowful he looks as he trudges along with his load? You see he has no shoes or stockings upon his feet, although it is winter, and the ground is frozen and covered with snow. His mother is looking out at the door to see if he is returning safely. What a scene of suffering! Where, think you, is the father of that boy? He is at the tavern or grog-shop, revelling with his drunken companions, and misspending all those precious hours which he ought to devote to the care of his family. Yet he will return, not to bless or to comfort them, but to quarrel with his wife and beat his little children, who will tremble at his approach. Yet remember that there will be an end to the evils of intemperance, if no new drunkards are made. Those who are now drunkards are hurrying themselves along to the grave, and in a few years the last one will die. Distillers, brewers, and all those who now sell the poisons they make, will then have to give up the business, unless some of the children will learn to be drunkards. Then let us all labor to prevent the rum-sellers from making drunkards of the youth and children. But perhaps you would like to know how that can be done. I will tell you. Let a youth's or juvenile temperance society be formed in every town and village in the country, and get all the children to sign the total abstinence pledge, if possible. If the children will all *sign* and *keep* the pledge, no more drunkards will be made.

Ye who have felt the joy
Of childhood's gladsome life
Pity the drunkard's boy,
And the drunkard's wretched wife.

For though the winter day
He leaves them cold and ill;
The night comes on its way,
But he returns not still.

The fire is getting low,
And o'er the dreary plain
That barefoot boy must go,
To seek for wood again.

He weeps when he is told
That he again must go;
It makes his feet so cold
To tread upon the snow.

But where's the father, where?
Go to the groggery's cell,
And ask the question there:—
The rum-seller could tell.

TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.—We understand, that on Sunday last, the Rev. Mr. Curry, pastor of the Catholic church in this city, administered the temperance pledge to three hundred and sixty of the Irish who attend that church. Mr. Curry has been unwearied in his exertions in the cause of temperance, among that class, and we are happy to hear that his labors are likely to be rewarded with abundant success. We understand that they pledge themselves against drinking any kind of ardent spirits, wine or ale, and are not to visit any place where these articles are sold.—*Providence Journal.*

MISCELLANY.

Anecdote.

A preacher, worthy of the name of minister of the Gospel, was warned by a more worldly-minded brother with whom he was arranging an exchange, against touching on certing *exciting topics*, in his Pulpit. The total-abstinence question had almost upset the parish—anti-slavery had well nigh divided the church, owing to the obstinacy of one who had persisted in introducing those subjects without his consent, and he wished his brother would not allude to them. He thought it wise, also, to give a caution against dwelling too strongly upon the doctrine of future retribution; as he had a prospect of gaining over some Universalists to his church, if that subject was not made too prominent at first. "Then, sir," replied his friend, "I think it would be better for me to decline the exchange at once; for, in the present state of our churches in Massachusetts, it seems hardly worth while to preach at all, if one must not touch on "temperance, righteousness, or judgment to come."

From the Monthly Offering.

What do you Abolitionists Want!

Methinks I hear one of our modern *Conservatives*, who is holding in his breath for fear of excitement, and looking with cold indifference on the struggle which is going on in this country between freedom and slavery,—methinks I hear him whispering in my ear, "What do you abolitionists want, that you are so furiously agitating the community, thereby destroying the peace of society, dividing churches, unsettling pastors and turning the world upside down? What would you have us do?"

What do we want? I will tell you. We want you to aid us in raising to the condition of men, millions of your equal brethren, who are now regarded as marketable commodities. We want you to aid in the erection of a platform of rights and privileges, on which the whole human family can stand free and unmolested. We want to leave the human mind in the free exercise of all those powers and faculties which God has given it, to increase its enjoyment and usefulness in this world, and prepare it for neverending felicity in that which is to come. The slave lies bleeding at your feet—crushed to the earth by this "freest nation under heaven." We ask you to work for his liberation. We want you to aid in abolishing that system of worse than *Hindoo caste*, which prevails so extensively in our midst, and compels one portion of our citizens to toil on through an unending series of degradation and wretchedness, with scarcely a prospect of escape from that stern despotism which grinds him to the dust. What do we want? do you ask, Mr. Conservative? We want what Diogenes wanted of Alexander. We want you to get out of our sunshine. We want you no longer to keep our brother yonder in the midnight darkness in which he and his ancestors have been enveloped for centuries, through the avarice and cruelty of the white man. We want you no longer to throw your sympathies and your influence into the scale of slavery, and strive by all the means in your power to arrest the progress of the car of emancipation as it rolls onward to its heavenly goal. We want you to clothe yourself in the panoply of truth, and engage with untiring zeal, and unshrinking fortitude, in the cause of oppressed humanity, and let neither *friendship* nor *love*, nor selfish fear, nor calculating *expediency* drive you from the contest, until no slave shall be found on the broad footstool of the Almighty.

We ask you to array yourselves on the side of universal liberty, and thus aid in saving this nation from that vortex of rum into which, in consequence of her multiplied oppressions, she is madly plunging. Our land is filled with professions of *freedom, republicanism, democracy*, and *equal rights*. They are heard on every breeze, are in the mouth of all the robbers of God's poor, from Maine to Georgia. But it is a democracy of *money*. It is a republicanism which wastes all its energies and exhausts all its sympathies on a question of dollars and cents. The inherent, vital principals of humanity, enter but little into the composition of the republicanism of the present day. Webster, and Clay, and Calhoun, and most of the other great states-men can spend all the energies of their mighty minds to portray the evils or the benefits of a Sub-Treasury or a National Bank. But on the question whether two and an half millions of immortal beings shall be reduced to the level of brutes, by a system which may surely be regarded as the fruitful parent of all abominations, they are either found the open and unblushing advocates of this system, or of a most sickly and temporising *expediency*, which would wink out of sight, great and paramount principles of truth and justice, to advance the interests of a party. To all this the church responds *amen*; and the *people* "love to have it so."

In view of this alarming fact, this dreadful state of things, we call upon *you* who are so anxious to "keep in the quiet"—who have such a holy horror of all excitement, to join hands with us in our warfare against oppression—to stay this sweeping tide of corruption as it rolls over the land—to liberate the slave from his chains, and save our nation from the destruction which hovers over her. This is "what we want" of *you*. We demand it in the name of the outraged millions now groaning in the great Southern prison house. Shall we have it? Will you not speak and act in their behalf as God shall give you strength?

"Ay, speak—*while there is time*,
For *all* a freeman's claim,—
Ere thought becomes a crime,
And Freedom but a name!
While yet the Tongue and Pen
And Press are unforbid,
And we dare to feel and act as men—
Speak—as our fathers did!"

N. H. W.

The Right Way to settle Disputed Accounts.—"*A soft answer turneth away wrath.*"—MR. EDITOR:—The following was related many years since to the writer, by one of the parties, who was a very respectable citizen of Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, since deceased:

During the Presidential term of Thomas Jefferson, two young men from Pennsylvania took a lease from him of his merchant mill, at Monticello, one of the stipulations of which was that the landlord should erect for their use, within a given period, a cooper's shop. The time for the meeting of Congress soon arriving, the President had to repair to Washington, to attend to his official duties, where he remained for a long time absorbed in national concerns and the building of the cooper's shop was entirely forgotten by him; not so with his tenants, whose daily wants constantly reminded them of the provisions contained in the lease; and finally they determined to erect it themselves, and charge the cost to their landlord.

On the return of the President to his mansion, the parties met to settle a long account current, which had been running during his absence; the items were gone over and scrutinized one by one, and all were found satisfactory but that of the charge for building the cooper's shop, which he objected to, alleging that he could have erected it with his own workmen. Several attempts were made to affect a settlement, but they always failed when they came to the cooper's shop; the young men became warm and zealous in the affair, and the parties instead of getting nearer together, found themselves at every interview wider apart.

In this state of affairs, the father of the young men, who was a mild, affable, conciliating gentleman, possessing some knowledge of the world and its ways, arrived on a visit to his sons, who informed him of their difficulty with their landlord. He requested them to leave it to him, observing that he thought he could affect an amicable settlement in the case. This course was accordingly acceded to, and in due time he waited on the President with the account which was scanned and agreed to, except the charge for building the shop, which he said with some firmness, he should not allow for reasons stated. His opponent observing his apparent decision on the subject, very gravely remarked: 'well, friend Jefferson, *it has always been my practice through life to yield, rather than contend.*' Immediately on this remark being made, the President's chin fell on his breast for an instant, and then raising his head in an erect position, he observed in a very emphatic manner, 'a very good principle, Mr. Shoemaker, and I can carry it as far as you can: let the account for the cooper's shop be allowed.' Thus ended the difficulty, and the parties continued their friendly regard for each other till death separated them; and cultivation of a similar disposition to 'follow peace with all men,' would terminate thousands of difficulties every year, and add much to the happiness of individuals, and tend to promote the general harmony and order of society.—*Farmers' Cabinet.*

TRANSPLANTING.—There is not a shrub, vine, plant, or tree to be found in our fields and forests, that is not susceptible of a high degree of improvement, if taken up late in fall or early in spring, properly trimmed, and transplanted into good rich soil near our dwellings. The change for the better soon becomes apparent. Take, for instance, young chestnut trees from the mountain, lop off as much of their tops as you leave of their roots; set them out as you would your apple trees; not deeper in the soil than they have stood. They have a rapid growth, and if well preserved, will spread and bear prolifically, bearing a nut three times the size of those generally brought to market, and of better flavor. The hickory tree will do the same. All will bear grafting as well as the pear tree. Experiments in this line cost but little.

A Blind Husbandman. It is a singular circumstance, that on the farm of Parsons, of Rowthorne, a man, quite blind, has been mowing regularly during the hay harvest. This man was for some time in the Blind Asylum at Liverpool, but disliking the confinement, he contrived, by the assistance of another, to make his escape to his paternal home, at Stainsbury, where he supports himself as a husbandman. He mows very well, takes a proper width, and is considered to whet his scythe better than the generality of mowers. Besides mowing, he can thrash, draw thatch, drill, sheaf corn, and make himself generally useful in farming work.—*Derbyshire Chronicle.*

Population of Pittsburgh.—The population of Pittsburgh, including dependant villages in the vicinity, is computed at 60,000; places of religious worship 60; schools 100; papers 20; banks and insurance companies 9, employing a capital of $5,000,000; daily lines of stage coaches and canal boats, 20; single and double lines of canal freight boats, 11; annual arrivals and departures of steam vessels engaged in the river trade, 2,500; annual amount of manufactures and mechanical production, $12,000,000; annual sales in the various departments of merchandise, $13,000,000; annual amount of freight on merchandise and produce passing through the account of non-resident owners, $3,000,000.

To Parents.

It is stated by eminent medical writers that at least one third of the children in the United States die from teething, and diseases caused thereby. Read the following:

A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.

Dr. W. Evans' celebrated Soothing Syrup for Children cutting their teeth.

This infallible remedy has preserved hundreds of children when thought past recovery from convulsions. As soon as the syrup is rubbed on the gums, the child will recover. This preparation is so innocent, so efficacious, and so pleasant that no child will refuse to let its gums be rubbed with it. When infants are at the age of four months, though there is no appearance of teeth, one bottle of Syrup should be used on the gums to open the pores. Parents never should be without the Syrup in the nursery where there are young children; for if a child wakes in the night with a pain in the gums, the syrup immediately gives ease by opening the pores and healing the gums, thereby preventing Convulsions, Fevers, &c.

The above invaluable medicine, together with Dr. Wm. Evans' Camomile and Aperient Pills, are sold wholesale at 100 Chatham, st. New York, and by

JOHN F. BROWN, Concord, N. H. *Agent for Merrimack County.*

Dec. 21, 1839. 43 1y.

Dr. Wm. Evans'
CAMOMILE APERIENT PILLS,

FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, Nervous diseases, liver complaint, dyspepsia, bilious diseases, piles, ulcers, female weakness, and all cases of hypochondriacism, low spirits, palpitation of the heart, nervous irritability, nervous weakness, fluor albus, seminal weakness, indigestion, loss of appetite, heartburn, general debility, bodily weakness, chlorosis, or green sickness, flatulency, hysterics, headaches, hiccup, sea sickness, night mare, rheumatism, asthma, tic douloreaux, cramp, spasmodic affection, and those who are victims to that most excruciating disorder, Gout, will find relief from their suffering, by a course of Dr. Evan's medicine.

ENVIABLE DISTINCTION.

In the midst of a general, and in many instances, not unfounded prejudice against many of the medical remedies of the day, DR. WM. EVANS' PILLS have the enviable distinction of an universal approbation. They are perhaps the only medicine publicly advertised that has the full and unreserved testimony of medical men in its favor, if not the only one which gives full satisfaction to its purchasers. Dr Wm. Evans has the satisfaction of knowing that his CAMOMILE OR TONIC PILLS are not only regularly recommended and prescribed by the most experienced physicians in their daily practice, but also, taken by those gentlemen themselves, whenever they feel symptoms of those diseases in which they well know them to be efficacious. He knows this to be generally the case in New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Boston, and other large cities in which they have an extensive sale. That they should thus conquer professional prejudice and interested opposition, and secure the agency of the most eminent and best informed physicians in the country to render them useful to all classes, can only be fairly ascribed to their indentiable and pre-eminent virtues.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its *entry according to act of Congress.* And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham-st. New York, or from the

REGULAR AGENTS.

Boston, S. Powell, 36 Cornhill.
Concord, John F. Brown.
Portsmouth, N. March.
Exeter, F. Grant.
Nashua, Kendall & Gould.
Newport, Wilcox & Parmelee.
Dover, J. H. Wheeler.

Dr. Evans' Camomile and Aperient Pills,
Dr. Evans' Fever and Ague Pills,
Dr. Evans' Soothing Syrup,
Dr. Goode's Female Pills,
Dr. Hunt's Botanic Pills,

Are entered according to Act of Congress, and are vended only at 100 Chatham-st. New York, or at the regular Agents.

For sale at JOHN F. BROWN'S Bookstore, Concord, N. H.

Dec. 21, 1839. 43 1y.

Selling off at Cost.

ISRAEL S. BOYD, Agent, would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has made arrangements for selling his extensive assortment of

Theological, School, and Miscellaneous

BOOKS,

STATIONERY, JEWELRY, FANCY GOODS, TIME-PIECES, &c.,

for the benefit of his creditors, at his old stand ☞No. 1, Low's Brick Block,☜ and respectfully solicits the patronage of his former customers and all who may favor him with their patronage.

I. S. B. would also give notice that he oontinues the sale of the INDIAN PURGATIVE PILLS, very extensively used. Also,

Dr. BEACH'S Medicines of various kinds, and
Dr. PRESCOTT'S do. do.

All which are highly approved.

Concord, Jan. 23, 1840.

THE GENUINE HYGEIAN
Come again!

THE subscriber, by the appointment of E. W. Avery, of Plymouth, General Agent for the State of New Hampshire is agent for the sale of the Vegetable Universal Medicines of the British College of Health, for Concord and vicinity, and he is now the only individual in the County of Merrimack, of whom the Genuine Hygeian can be obtained. The diseased that for two or three years past have made use of Pills hawked about the country by Horatio Shepheard Moat and his agents, purporting to be the Medicines of the British College of Health, are aware that those Medicines are not what they profess; and fall far short of the efficacy of the Medicines formerly sold by Moat and his agents. This is owing to the fact that Moat instead of selling the Medicines of the British College, of which he was formerly agent, has been for several years selling a Medicine of his own manufacture; this coming to the knowledge of the College, and that health may be brought within the reach of the afflicted in the United States, they have dismissed Moat from their agency, and appointed in his stead Dr. George Taylor, of New York, of whom and his agents may once more be obtained the genuine MORISON'S PILLS.

The Hygeian Medicines cure all diseases that admit of cure, because all diseases have one origin—IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD; and these Medicines are not only the most certain and efficacious of all purifiers of the blood—but they leave the stomach in healthful action to make GOOD BLOOD—which is HEALTH.

For sale at the Office of the Herald of Freedom, Low's Building, 3d story.

JOHN R. FRENCH.

Concord, June 23, 1840. 18

A RICH NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

YOUTH'S CABINET,

For Families and Sunday Schools, weekly, at $1 per year in advance.

THE Fourth Volume of this well known and highly approved Juvenile paper commences the first week in January, 1841, edited by N. SOUTHARD. It is published at New-York and Boston, and sent, *free of postage* to any town in New-Hampshire in *which there are 20 paying subscribers.* It is made up of choice Naratives original and select, pleasing Moral and Religious, Literary and Scientific Instruction, a variety of Useful Information, Juvenile Poetry, Anecdotes, &c. all designed to promote the best good of the young. It inculcates impartial Benevolence, Temperance, and all other Christian Virtues.

It is neatly printed on half a royal sheet, and each number contains one or more handsome engravings. It has been highly commended by one hundred editors and many parents and teachers, in notices and letters like the following:

[From a Mother in Springfield, Mass.]

"My little girl is delighted with the Cabinet. She can scarcely wait for the week to come round; and when the little welcome messenger arrives, her work or play is laid aside, to have a feast, as she calls it with the welcome guest. She is willing to make any sacrifice rather than give up her paper."

[From a Clergyman in Central New-York.]

"My little daughter 8 years old, is very much delighted with your paper; and indeed, I read it myself with great interest."

"It is conducted by a most excellent man and a Christian who possesses the head and heart, to render his paper a welcome and salutary visitor in the families of the pious and benevolent.—*Christian Herald.*

"We have never known a paper in which children appeared to take so deep an interest.—*Waldo (Me.) Gazette.*

AGENTS FOR NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

E. G. CHASE, Low's Block, CONCORD,
JAMES H. MARSHALL, Bookseller, Nashua,
ANSON SOUTHARD, Lyme.

Concord, October, 1840.

☞Persons who subscribe any time between now and the first of January next, can have the Cabinet until the close of the year 1841 for *one dollar.*

Orders may be sent by mail or otherwise directed to E. G. CHASE, Concord, N. H.

Coloring Establishment.

GEORGE BKACKETT has taken an east room in the basement of Low's Brick Block, where he will be happy to color all garments intrusted to his care, in the best manner and in a style which cannot fail to suit the public. Concord, Oct. 6.

New-York and Boston.

JUST received from New-York and Boston a large assortment of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

which are offered very cheap for cash.

GEO. HUTCHINS.

Sept. 17, 1840.

A LIST AND THE PRICES OF BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY DEPOSITORY, CONCORD.

BOUND VOLUMES.

	$ cts.
Buxton on the Slave Trade,	62
Mrs. Child's Appeal,	42
Bourne's Picture of Slavery,	42
Despotism in America,	50
Archy Moore,	50
Thompson's Lectures on British India,	50
Liberty Bell,	50
Freedom's Gift,	50
North Star,	42
Emancipation in West Indies,	75
Miss Grimke's Letters to Miss. Beecher,	33
Rankin's Letters,	25
Slavery Illustrated in its Effects on Woman,	33
Negro Pew,	20
Slave's Friend,	25
Whittier's Poems,	75
Freedom's Lyre,	37
Jay's Enquiry,	37
Jay's View,	62
Wesley's Thoughts,	20
Testimony of God Against Slavery,	20
Songs of the Free,	25
Oasis by Mrs. Child,	62
Anti-Slavery Record, 3 vols.	93
Alton Riots,	62
Complete Sets of Sargent's Temperance Tales, beautifully bound in 6 vols.	2 40

PAMPHLETS.

Slavery As It Is,	38
Emancipation in the West Indies,	20
Bible *versus* slavery—by T. D. Weld,	15
Chattel Principle—by T. D. Weld,	13
Power of Congress over the District of Columbia—by T. D. Weld,	13
Trial of the Amistad Captives,	13
Right and Wrong in Massachusetts,	20
Martyr Age—by Harriet Martineau,	20
Liberty,	13
Narrative of Moses Roper,	17
Anti-Slavery Catechism by Mrs. Child,	06
Evils and Cure of Slavery,	06
Birney's Letter on Colonization,	04
Despotism of Freedom,	06
Anti-Slavery Letter Paper, various kinds, by the Quire,	from 30 to 50

Orders may be directed (postage paid) to Parker Pillsbury, General Agent of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society.

For the benefit of all concerned, there will be no deviation from the above prices. Persons from a distance can then as well *send* for books as come themselves. Should any book or Looks be ordered which are not on hand, they will be procured, if possible, without delay. The Depository is the property of the State Society, and all the avails will go to replenish its treasury.

Concord, June 27th, 1840.

THEOLOGICAL BOOKS
AT
I. S. BOYD'S,
No. 1, Low's Brick Block.

A CHOICE selection of second hand Theological and other books at a *very low price*, may be found as above. Among these are SCOTT'S, CLARK'S and DODDRIDGE'S COMMENTARIES, SCOTT'S THEOLOGICAL WORKS, and many other standard works. They have been selected from a gentleman's private Library, and are most of them uninjured. Clergymen and others wishing to purchase are requested to call and examine for themselves.

Concord, February 8, 1840.

JAMES EATON,
MANUFACTURER OF
RIFLES, Fowling Pieces, MUSKETS,
AND LOCKS OF ALL SIZES AND DESCRIPTIONS.
PERCUSSIAN CAPS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
☞ **Repairing done in the best manner.**
29 CONCORD, N. H.